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MISSISSIPPI FLOTILLA.

The Wretchedly Planned Red River Expedition.

"WALLOWING IN MUD."

The Squadron Caught in a Very Tight Place.

INGENIOUS RESCUE.

Desperate Fighting in Retreating Down the River.

BY W. H. MICHAEL, LATE OF THE NAVY.

VI.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

THE participation of a part of this squadron in the famous Red River Expedition furnishes a chapter in naval history that is not a repetition of any previous experience. There was anxiety on the part of the Government to get control of Mobile and Texas, on account of considerations of public policy not wholly unconnected with the French invasion of Mexico in June, 1863. Farragut turned his attention to Mobile, and the Red River Expedition was understood to be in some way not calculated to establish that kind of supremacy to any considerable extent. It proved itself the supreme fiasco of the war, and made a fearful draft on Yankee genius in devising ways and means for getting out of scrapes.

But for Gen. A. J. Smith, Lieut.-Col. Bailey and Porter, the bare probability is that Banks would be somewhere in that locality now, and the wreck of Porter's fleet would be pointed out as a monument to military folly rarely if ever equaled.

Porter took his ironclads above the falls at Alexandria against his better judgment, and had not A. J. Smith been with the expedition he would have utterly refused to do so. Porter had confidence in Smith and was



SAVING THE FLEET.

willing to co-operate with him, as he was always with Grant and Sherman. Smith and Porter agreed perfectly in their opinion of the expedition that, as it was being conducted, it was a stupendous farce and a disgrace to the Government.

BANKS'S WAGON-TRAIN CHARGED AND THE

IRONCLADS WALLOWING IN MUD.

While Franklin and Emory were forcing their way through Banks's panic-stricken wagon-train to get at the pursuing enemy at Pleasant Hill, the gunboats were wallowing through the mud and bushwacking their way toward Shreveport. As an illustration of the experience of the gunboats for several days in succession, we will give their fight with Gen. Green's command at a point 100 miles below Shreveport. Several transports and a gunboat were hard ground, and a number of other boats were pulling at them to get them afloat, when 7,000 rebels, with artillery, attacked them from the west bank of the river, a few rods away. The gunboats replied as soon as they could, and in about two hours drove the enemy off, killing 700 of his men, including their commander. The canister and shrapnel thrown from the heavy guns of the boats into the dense ranks of the enemy, moved on the bank and just back of it, proved awfully destructive. The next day the enemy made a similar attack on the boats from the other side.

The Eastport, one of the best of the ironclads, grounded hopelessly, and had to be blown up; the river began to fall rapidly; the enemy was lugging the boats right and left when they could hardly defend themselves, on account of the high banks; the tinclad Cricket was knocked all to pieces and captured, and the other light drafts had been severely handled; the ironclads had floundered through the mud for days, and Banks, after fiddle-faddling to his heart's content, was anxious to get out of the country—in fact, all hands were willing to get out. When they got down as far as Alexandria, as was expected by Porter, not a vessel could be run over the falls. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The river would not rise for months, Banks said his forage was nearly gone, that he could not wait many days on the gunboats. Things looked blue for the navy. Relief came through the GENESIS OF LIEUT.-COL. BAILEY,

who proposed to erect the water on the falls by a system of dams. Ten thousand soldiers and the entire naval force, under this officer, lent willing hands, working in water up to their waists, to complete the work within the few days given them by Banks, whose uneasiness to get away increased day by day. The dam was completed, and the water had risen high enough to let the boats up to their waists, and before certain officers high in command had done lamenting over the catastrophe the new dams were thrown out and the fleet saved.

The water on the rapids was raised six feet, and, considering the few days in which the work was completed and the difficulties

overcome, it was, as Porter characterized it, a most marvelous piece of engineering. Bailey received the thanks of Congress and was promoted to Brigadier-General, all of which he richly deserved for his great services to the country.

While our army was lying at Alexandria the enemy, by a spirited maneuver, got by and planted a powerful battery on the bank below. Two light-drafts, the Covington and Signal, started down the river with a conveyance of transports. They were surprised by the battery and sharpshooters and, though they made a gallant fight, were so badly handled that one was captured and the other was abandoned by her crew and set on fire to keep her from falling into the enemy's hands. This was the last effort of the enemy to obstruct the river. The army and fleet soon moved down, and the enemy gave them a wide berth. On the 20th of May, 1864, while the army was returning, Gen. Banks was relieved by Gen. Canby, and the remarkable expedition was over.

ADMIRAL LEE TAKES COMMAND.

During the Summer Admiral Porter was relieved, Capt. Pennock taking charge until November, when Acting Rear-Admiral Lee took command. He found the squadron in such admirable shape and so well organized, and its work so nearly done, that his new command entailed comparatively little labor or responsibility.

Guerrillas and light detached bodies of rebels continued to operate along the banks of the Mississippi, Cumberland, Tennessee and White Rivers, greatly to the annoyance of unarmed transports. The Red and Yazoo Rivers were effectively blockaded by the gunboats, though not traversed. The other rivers named were constantly patrolled by gunboats until the close of hostilities.

The squadron was kept busy with this kind of duty, for it seemed that every Confederate command had detached large numbers of desperate men, full of dare-devil spirit, and eager to rob somebody, nearly all of whom had gathered along the rivers as the safest and most promising field for their nefarious work; but the gunboats gave them little rest, and often inflicting the severest punishment upon them. Sometimes the gunboats were roughly handled by roving batteries, and in several instances tinclads were destroyed by them. At Clarendon, Ark., in June, 1864, Gen. Shelby planted a battery during the night bearing on the Queen City, and at break of day fired into her as she lay at anchor, with most of her crew in their bunks and hammocks. She was completely disabled, and that part of her crew who failed to escape by swimming to the opposite shore were taken prisoners. Before Shelby could remove the heavy guns of the captured vessel he was compelled to blow her up, by the sudden appearance of the Tyler and two light-drafts. These boats immediately attacked him and

blew his guns clear out of the works, killing and wounding many of his men. The loss of the boats, however, in the engagement was nine killed and 27 wounded and one boat disabled.

The main course of the war in the West had now drifted away from the Mississippi Valley to the region south and southwest of Nashville, embracing southern and eastern Tennessee and northern parts of Georgia and Alabama and Mississippi. This gave the tinclads on the Tennessee and Cumberland more work to do. In an engagement with Gen. Forrest in October near Johnsonville, on the Tennessee, after a desperate fight, the Undine, Keywest, Edin and Tawah, light-drafts, were burned to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Had they been able to hold out a few hours longer the arrival of Gen. Schofield would have relieved them. But they had fought the enemy, who had heavy rifled pieces planted above and below them, till their last round of ammunition was gone, and the only thing left for them to do was to burn the boats and escape to the opposite shore from the rebels.

On the 24th of October, 1864, a superior force of rebels attacked Gen. Granger, who was stationed with a small force at Decatur, Ala., above the Muscle Shoals. The garrison defended itself heroically, but the enemy had gradually forced it to the point of surrender, when the little tinclad Gen. Thomas arrived and drove the rebels off with considerable loss.

In December, 1864, the rebel army under Hood moved against Nashville. The Carondelet and five light-draft gunboats hurried to the support of our army. The enemy planted a battery of four 20-pounder rifles four miles below the city, on the river. After a severe fight the gunboats silenced this battery and drove the encampment back. But other batteries were planted the following night in more advantageous positions, and for days the gunboats had plenty of hard fighting. Two batteries while fighting the boats were surprised and captured by the cavalry. Thus the gunboats moved up and down the river, thwarting Hood's plans and harassing him in such a manner as to aid Gen. Thomas very materially. For 30 days and nights the officers and crews of the vessels had very little rest, so constantly were they called upon to head off Hood in his efforts to escape. But for the almost-impassable roads and the inability of the gunboats to get above the Muscle Shoals in the Tennessee, the bulk of Hood's army would have been captured. Gen. Thomas wrote a letter to Admiral Lee thanking him for the efficient co-operation of the gunboats.

On the 14th of August, 1865, Admiral Lee was relieved, and the Mississippi Squadron as an organization ceased to be.

[The End.]

A Merited Rebuke.

[New York Sun.]

Father (whom Bobby has induced to take him)—Now, Bobby, I don't quite understand this. If the man who throws the ball fails to hit the club after three trials, does that put the umpire out?

Bobby—Pa, do you remember why you sent me to bed last night at 7 o'clock?

Father—Why, no.

Bobby—It was for asking foolish questions.

A FABLE WITH A MODERN APPLICATION.



The Ox and the Gnat.—A weary Ox was travelling under a heavy Load, which was almost too great for his Strength, when a Gnat, which was sporting itself in the Air, settled upon the Ox's back, and said to him, "My dear Fellow," buzzed the Gnat, "excuse the Liberty I take. I perceive now you are very Weary, and as I am doubtless Heavy, I will relieve you, and go at once and rest on that Poplar."

"Stay or go, it makes no Matter to Me," replied the Ox; "Were it not for the Buzz made I should not have known you were there."

Eugene P. Fables.

THE DRAGON'S SABER.

A Ballad of the Day McPherson Fell.

BY EDWIN A. WELTY, OREGON, MO.

[The scene of this poem is located at Augusta, Mo., being suggested by an incident occurring there at the meeting of Gen. Logan with James G. Blaine during the campaign of 1884.]

In a quaint New England village,
Where tall maples line the street,
North where leaves the June day's sunshine
Falls a mellow, glimmering sheet;

Where the Kenebec's soft waters
Sleep along a silver thread,
Through whose meadows, rich with clover,
Lowing herds are daily led;

There beneath the maple's shadow
Stood a homestead old and gray,
While o'er windows, door and casement
Climbing vines in clusters stray.

And within the open doorway
Struggling sunbeams softly fall,
Till they touch a dragon's sabre
Hanging on the further wall.

Gleams the blade of polished metal,
As the sunbeams o'er it roam,
Strange adornment, say you, surely,
For that peaceful cottage home.

Near the window, in an arm-chair,
Was a man of iron mold,
Though the storm of seventy winters
Have on form and feature told.

The blood of men who fought with Knox
Coursed in the old man's veins,
He came of good Green Mountain stock,
Whose limbs were set to chains.

And 'twas said that Andrew Warner
Had faced death in every form—
In the mud and mire, and picket line,
In the battle's deadliest storm.

He had fought at Cerro Gordo,
And had charged at Monterey,
And when booming the guns of Sumter
He was ready for the fray.

Under Grant at Chattanooga
He had stormed the cliff-capped ridge,
And had rode with Straight's battalions
O'er the Chattahoochee bridge.

With the rock of Chickamauga
He stood that Autumn day,
When the bleeding corps of Thomas
Held the rebel horde at bay.

By the veteran set his grandchild,
While he smoothed her tangled hair,
Of a brave and stalwart figure,
Floated on the Summer air.

Followed by the boom of cannon
And the tramp of many feet,
And a throng of surging people,
Fell the old New England street.

"What means this?" the veteran's grandchild,
Answering, caught the street's glad strain,
"Why, they say that John A. Logan
Greets to-day the Man of Maine."

Trembling rose the aged soldier,
Gazed he fixed and long,
On a tall, commanding figure
Moving 'mid the hurrying throng.

Murmured he, "Is Gen. Logan,
Would you know him anywhere,
With his grand and stalwart figure,
And his courtly, martial air?"

Fainter grew the strains of music
And the tramp of hurrying feet,
Till at last the old man fell,
Fell upon the village street.

Then the old man laid the window,
Took the child upon his knee,
And upon his rugged features
Trace of old days you could see.

Broke the child the solemn silence,
Gazed her words as soft they fell:
"Tell me how you won the sabre
Hanging on the cottage wall."

"Not of Champion Hills or Vicksburg,
Where you bore yourself so well;
Tell me how you fought with Logan
On the day McPherson fell."

"Why, my child, I've often told you
Of the sabre and the day;
Would you like again to listen
How was won the bloody fray?"

"Yes," pleaded the child. The veteran's face
Beamed on her soft and mild,
His lost youth's fiery spirit seemed
Reflected in the child.

"Well, so be it. Listen, Nellie,
While the stirring tale I tell
Of the scenes that July morning
When Hood's line upon us fell."

"The night before, in Logan's tent,
The battle was planned and set;
How on the left McPherson's corps
Should Hood's advance withstand."

"The center Blair's Brigades should hold,
Ere dawned the morning light,
While on the right Hood's men
Should early force the fight."

"The bugle called, at early dawn
Our battle-line was formed;
Till the sun's rays along our front
By Hood would soon be stormed."

"The caissons of the batteries
Shone black as rose the sun;
Grim cannoneers in uniform
Stood each beside his gun."

"The bayonets of the infantry
Gleamed brightly rank in rank,
While the dragoons and mounted men
Were ranged upon the flank."

"The boom of Logan's heavy guns
Came faintly to our ears,
When suddenly along our front
A throng of gray appeared."

"Then came a crash of musketry,
And then our cannon roared,
And then our cannon roared,
And then our cannon roared."

And on the swiftly-moving ranks
A deadly fire we pour,
Our volleys fierce and fiercer grew,
To melt in spray as the waves
That dash the cliffs upon.

"McPherson's every nerve was strained
To battle Hood's right flank,
For Blair had failed to fill the gap
That opened on our right."

"Thus we fought from early sunrise,
And had barely held our ground,
While the heaps of dead and dying
Piled now before the light around."

"At last their charge began to tell,
Our columns wavered and reeled,
The lines that stood so firm since dawn
Yielded slightly to the shock."

"A courier reined his panting steed
Where our brave Council stood,
And said, 'McPherson dying lies
In your narrow strip of wood.'"

"So low the words you scarce would think
The officer had heard,
And yet the murmur down the ranks
Showed our whole line was stirred."

"In vain I saw the officers
Appealing to the men;
No human power would have saved,
Could I but hold the line again."

"A battery of heavy guns
Was taken on our left flank,
It seemed as if the wavering line
In twain would soon be cleft."

"When suddenly there comes a lull,
And then a burst of cheering,
And in that brief of death and shell
The master's form appears."

"A swarthy figure, powder-stained,
Swift down the line dash ride,
Beneath his charger's hoofs the dust
Marks every swinging stride."

"The glittering star on shoulder-bar
The rider's rank shows well,
It need not the wild huzza
That rent the air to tell."

"'Twas Logan came in person
To save the wavering line,
He asked no one to follow
Save where he led the way."

"My comrades true your duty do,
Your leader's death avenge,
And be the charging squadrons' cry,
McPherson and revenge!"

"Close up the ranks, in column charge,
Upon your battery wheel,
Re-down those gray-clad cannoneers,
Give them a touch of steel."

"They hear the gallant leader's voice,
The shattered ranks reform,
The loose cry rolling down the ranks
Forbids the coming storm."

"McPherson and revenge" the cry
As flashes his glittering blade,
And at the charging column's head
Rode Logan and his Aid."

"Full thirty double-shotted guns
Play on the bronzed dragoon,
And good three thousand muskets sweep
Their grim, compact platoons."

"Straight for the guns the columns swept,
In vain the cannoneers roar,
Fades cannoneers and infantry
Like chaff from a burning floor."

"My horse swept onward in the rush,
My eyes were fixed and long,
Upon a gold-laced color-guard
Dressed in a garb of gray."

"The flag was knotted 'round his waist,
His sword he waved on high,
The swath of death about him showed
He well the blade could ply."

"A moment more our sabres crossed,
Then came the clash of steel;
I saw my foe's backward start,
And in his saddle reel."

"But, child, he was a swordsmen true;
His blade had grazed my hair,
While mine had cleft his temple through,
And laid his skull-bone bare."

"I grasped the blood-stained colors from
The trooper when he fell,
And heard the manly Union cheer
Above the rebel yell."

"Well done, my gallant comrade,
The words rang loud and clear;
I turned, and saw that Logan
And his staff were riding near."

"I wish that I full recompense
For such a deed could show,
But a full-fledged Captain's epaulet
Will grace the form I know."

"He drew his sword from out his belt:
'Let this my own thanks tell;
I know that Capt. Warner's arm
This blade will ever wield well.'"

"I tried to thank the General
As he gave the sword to me,
But so full my eyes of joyous tears,
I could neither speak nor see."

"At last I spoke, but Logan then
Was dishing to the front;
His fiery spirit ne'er could rest,
Save at the battle's brunt."

"The old man stooped and kissed the child,
My dear, my tale is done;
I've told you how in manhood's prime
You sabre, child, was won."

"The child looked up: the eyes that e'er
Gleamed fiercest in the fight
Were fixed upon her upturned face
With soft and tender light."

"The foreman of a large printing house
One morning received the following note
From the wife of one of his men in his employ: 'Please
get a second copy of a Justice of the Peace, that
will marry us for \$2.'

He is dead."—Chicago Ledger.

A Boy Spy
in Dixie.Service Under the Shadow of the
Hangman's Noose.

GETTYSBURG.

A Few of the Sights of the Second
and Third Days.

THE SHARPSHOOTERS.

Council of War at Gen. Meade's
Headquarters.

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NE day of Gettysburg should be enough. The battle has been fought over so often in the newspapers that there is scarcely anything new to be said. Of course my experience was peculiar in this, that I went as I pleased. Regimental history relates only the observations from one fixed point.

The evening of the first day it looked badly enough to me, and if I had been Commander-in-Chief I think I should have changed the base to a point a little farther away from the rebels. I was defeated.

There was one little episode I have never seen recorded. After the charge of Pickett, on the third day, had failed, everything had quieted down. Meade, accompanied by his staff, went over the wall and rode along our entire front from Cemetery Hill to the Round Tops, receiving the cheers of the whole army, or all that was left.

That was the only time I ever heard music on a battlefield; then it was from a



DODGING THE SHARPSHOOTERS.

band in the woods at Little Round Top, that played "Hail to the Chief."

I never heard that old tune nowadays on these fancy parades but it brings up the recollection of that great day, and causes the cold chills to creep up and down my spine.

I rode with Gen. Meade this day, to prove which I will ask some of the survivors who witnessed that event to recall a smooth-faced boy on a lame horse that brought up the rear of the dashing cavalcade. My nag got hurt the first day, and I did not have a chance to steal another, and as I was bound to be on hand I had to ride my lame horse.

The General and staff always go at a break-neck gallop, the staff tearing along in the rear like a tail to a comet, so that in this case I "got left" about a gunshot to the rear, and because I so energetically spurred the lame horse to catch up, our boys behind the stone wall gave me the laugh and some cheers of derision. They were all feeling pretty good just then, and were excusable.

One of the staff officers told me that we had captured Gen. Longstreet, and when I got over among the Rebels I told this bit of news, where it created a sensation.

I have never seen an account of that ride along the lines in print.

It is correct, though it may have been the fourth day instead of the third. You will find in the rebel reports of the battle that Gen. Lee states that on hearing these shouts and cheers from our army he thought it meant an advance on his line, and he made preparations to meet it. I think it was the cheers for Gen. Meade that he heard, even so distant as his headquarters.

I was on hand bright and early the morning of the second day.

I was not in so much of a hurry to save the day as I had been. I rode down the same road I did the morning before, but I went along more cautiously. There was no booming of guns to be heard. Though nearly 200,000 men had been gathered there in the night, the surroundings the second morning were decidedly peaceful,—unusually quiet, as compared with the first morning.

A majority of people have formed an idea that a battle is a continuous uproar from daylight until dark, or during all of the days on which it occurs. As a matter of fact, the real fight is soon over one way or another; that is, the actual contest of the larger bodies ended about as suddenly as a collision on a railroad.

It is a long time beginning; maybe the picket-firing of the night previous is the first indication; then will come the more frequent clattering from the skirmish-line, with an

occasional shot from a battery; perhaps it ends with this.

I have nearly always noticed that the officers and men thought it had ended, and were only suddenly awakened to the fact that it had not by a tremendous boom from some battery that would nearly always be discovered to be at some point they did not expect a hostile shot to come from.

It may not be an agreeable thing to print, but, secretly, it has been my experience in a battle that it was always the unexpected that happened to our officers.

I came down the road straight towards Cemetery Hill to find headquarters—at least that is what I started out to reach. I was stopped before I got up the hill by an order from somebody to "Get off that road." I got off as directed, and went into a little grove to the left and almost in the rear of



"IT LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMETHING WAS UP, DON'T IT?"

the Cemetery, where I had seen a group of officers on horseback. I do not remember who they were, but seeing that they did not know any more than I about the "prospect," which was just then the important question, I tied my horse to a tree to find out something for myself. I proceeded to climb up the crest of the hill on my hands and knees, with all the humility, respect and caution that I felt was due to the rebels. I wanted to see them all once more very much, indeed, but I did not care to have any of their sharpshooters discover me first. There were batteries upon batteries, the horses of which were down on the hill to the rear, in the care of their riders. The artillerymen were, of course, around their guns, but most of them were hunting places not too much exposed. I did not see the line at first; you know the artillery is always behind, or to the rear of a line of battle, supported by infantry. Bound to see the shape of one advance of that line of battle, I went as far out as the very crest of the hill nearest the Cemetery gate. When I got that far I was paralyzed by another yell from some unseen quarter to "Get down, there!" I got down, and in that abject position heard the voice explain, in not very gentle tones, "the sharpshooters are on the tops of those houses." The houses referred to were so close that I could almost count the bricks in the chimney-tops.

There was a fellow, an officer, some distance ahead of me, standing behind a tree, looking for all the world as if he was having lots of fun playing hide-and-seek with some one. I concluded to play too, and crawled up to the base of another tree close beside him. When I got behind that tree I felt perfectly safe from an attack of the whole rebel army. I was feeling so secure in this position that I became bold enough to stand to one side, that I might get a good view of our fellows. I saw them lying down or silently moving about behind that old stone wall.

While I was intently gazing over the valley in hopes of seeing the rebels, there was a little "ping" noise near me, a sharp sting on my face as if someone had thrown a handful of gravel at me. It was only some of the bark of the tree, which had been dusted into my face by a minie-ball.

I got behind the tree. I said there, too, standing up against it as stiff as a post, and hugging it as close as its own bark. I was afraid to turn my head either to the left or to the right. I had seen enough, and said



THEY WOULD NOT LET ME THROUGH THEIR LINE.

down to the ground and crawled back on all-fours, after the manner of the harlequin on the stage. I found the headquarters, which was located not very far from that spot, but out of reach of any hiding sharpshooters on the house-tops at the upper end of the town.

During all that morning I was about headquarters, trying to find out what in thunder was up; everything was so awfully quiet.

In the early afternoon I sent a note addressed to Gen. Meade into the dingy little old shanty where he had his headquarters. I learned that it was proposed to send a detail of men to try to open up telegraph communication